

# The West Virginian

"THE PAPER THAT GOES HOME."

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## THE REPUBLICAN TICKET.

### NATIONAL.

For President—Charles Evans Hughes of New York.  
For Vice President—Charles W. Fairbanks of Indiana.  
U. S. Senator—Howard Sutherland of Randolph.  
Congress, First District—Thos. W. Fleming, Fairmont.

### JUDICIAL.

W. N. Miller, Parkersburg. Harold A. Ritz, Bluefield.

### STATE.

Governor—Ira E. Robinson of Taylor.

Secretary of State—Houston G. Young, of Harrison.

Superintendent of Schools—Morris P. Shawkey of Kanawha.

Attorney General—John S. Darst of Jackson.

Commissioner of Agriculture—James H. Stewart of Putnam.

State Senator, Eleventh District—Charles A. Sinsel, Taylor County.

### COUNTY.

Sherris—W. H. Veach, Farmington.

Attorney—W. S. Hamilton, Fairmont.

Prosecuting Attorney—Rollo J. Conley, Fairmont.

County Commissioner—W. P. Mason, Mannington.

County Delegates—Geo. W. Bowers, Mannington.

Walter, Elison, Fairmont.

B. S. Hutchinson, Union district.

Co. Surveyor—Thos. E. Minnear, Annabelle, Lincoln Dist.

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 7, 1916.

"America First and America Efficient"

## THE INDIVIDUAL VOTER RESPONSIBLE.

THE only way to stop the kind of lawlessness going on in Jackson street and the other places where bootlegging is carried on openly and such exhibitions of gang insolence as the jamming through of the amendment which makes it possible for the Wilson club to display that banner is to make it unprofitable, politically speaking.

When the Mayor tells people that there is no hope of cleaning up the town until after election, he confesses that the law breaking is tolerated because the Democratic gang hopes to profit at the polls through the votes of the lawless.

If the law abiding and decent people of the community would say to themselves, "We cannot afford to help along this sort of thing by supporting the candidates of the party which connives at it," and then go to the polls and vote the way their consciences dictated the whole infernal outrage would stop never to be renewed. Even the stupid Marion county Democratic gang would be able to see the wisdom of buying the votes of bootleggers and worse at the price of ten honest men's votes for every crook.

This is essentially a local question. It need not affect a candidate higher than the county ticket. It is also essentially a question for the individual voter. As long as the Gang goes unwhipped it will do as it pleases and ask the public what it is going to do about it. If the decent voters go to the polls on the morning of November 7 and, regardless of the opinions they may entertain on the state and national questions, vote against the gang candidates for county and district offices most of the police problems that now vex us will disappear, and the next campaign will be unattended by the scandals that shame us at present.

## CAMPAIGN SLUSH FUNDS.

"Eight Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$800,000, count 'em) is the amount fixed by the managers of the Republican State Headquarters in Clarksburg to be raised for their slush fund this fall," etc.—Watson-Cornwell Consolidation Claim Department.

THERE is nothing like "fixin'" the sum desired high enough, but the sane and level headed managers of the Republican party's campaign in this state haven't suddenly gone daft, even if the Democratic dope shooters have. The sum "fixed" by the dreambook squad, which has done so much, and with much alacrity, to make the Cornwell campaign a joke and a comedy in the eyes of the intelligent people of the state, would pay all the expenses of both State Committees in every campaign which has been fought out since 1896.

The presumption is that the monetary artillery is on the Democratic side this year. It is a safe assumption that it is in West Virginia at any rate. So far as Mr. Cornwell's candidacy is concerned, it is common talk among the politicians on both sides that it is planned to buy its success. They will have the money to try it, but whether enough unworthy voters can be corrupted is a serious question of doubt. We hate to think that this plan can succeed, and we refuse to believe it. It is unthinkable. We have too much pride in the mass of West Virginia citizens to entertain for a fraction of a second a thought that such numbers as must be secured to carry through this detestable and corrupt plan to a successful finality can be rounded up by the lawless minions of a multi-millionaire.

In addition to the large sum of money which it

is entirely reasonable to assume that Mr. Watson will put into the Cornwell campaign, what he will collect from his corporations must be added. Then there is the fund raised from those who have received appointments to federal offices, and the contributions from the National Democratic Committee which, there is splendid authority to state, will be \$120,000. Leastways, that is the sum total promised, to be paid in installments. In the neighborhood of \$600,000 is in prospect. There has never been anything like that sum of money expended by both parties in the history of West Virginia politics.

The average cost of running campaigns in West Virginia in the past has been \$50,000 per committee. When it is considered that it takes \$3,500 to circularize the voters of the state with a single personal letter, that isn't such a large sum after all. The legitimate expenses of running a campaign in this state are heavy, but hardly a drop in the bucket compared with many other states.

The Republican managers at the Clarksburg Headquarters would readily trade what campaign fund they may raise for Mr. Watson's personal contribution of \$200,000, and give \$125,000 to boot.

## THE PLAYGROUND MOVEMENT.

ONE of the most significant phenomenon of the times in which we live is the rapid growth of the playground movement. But a few years ago only a venturesome pioneer here and there had given the educational side of recreation a thought and municipal playgrounds were unheard of. Now there are experts and specialists, a large and growing literature, and what is more important, a healthy popular interest in the whole subject.

This week there has been going on in Grand Rapids a national gathering which was called a Recreation convention. It developed at this gathering that 432 American cities and towns are already active in the playground-recreation movement, but a much better indication of how important a feature of our national life it has become is afforded by the fact that the program provided for the brief consideration of 272 serious problems growing out of the management of playgrounds and recreation centers.

They are all practical problems, too, such, for instance, as "What is the best answer to the objection, 'I didn't have playgrounds when I was a kid and I don't see why it is necessary now.'" Doubtless the collective patience of the 7,500 paid play-leaders and the more numerous volunteers will make it possible to overcome even this obstacle in a nice sweet way. Frankly, riding roughshod over it is the best thought we can contribute just now. But, after all, the opposition of this and every other kind is not very serious and it is bound to give way in the face of such rapid progress as the playground movement has been making.

Fairmont people will be able to point with pride to the fact that this city is one of those which has given the recreation problem serious thought. There ought to be more generous and more general support here, but the foundation has been laid, thanks to the efforts of a few public spirited women, and the rest will come in time.

## JUDGE ROBINSON'S WAY.

WHILE Mr. Cornwell is in a panic and floundering in a mass of his own reckless and contradictory charges, Ira E. Robinson, his opponent, is proceeding in a straightforward, dignified and consistent way, placing his claims before the voters. He is saying nothing that he has to take back, nothing that he has to apologize for or attempt to explain away.

This course is consistent with the character of Judge Robinson as a man. He is honest to the core, careful in his dealings and conscientious in all things. He is independent to a high degree, but is neither dictatorial nor of that calibre of men who disdain counsel. Judge Robinson, when elected Governor, will be deliberative, considerate and statesmanlike in his conduct. He will have no enemies to punish. The good of the state will be his first care. He will carry the keys to the State House and will be Governor.

It is of expressive significance to compare by contrast the methods employed by Judge Robinson with those of his opponent.

Judge Robinson is the candidate of the whole Republican party and he is making his race upon his party's record and what it promises to do if continued in power. His opponent is jumping from pillar to post, making no well ordered campaign, adhering to no fixed principle, but seeking to appeal to the dissatisfied and selfish elements whom, he thinks, may be incited to vote for him because of the spite they hold against members of the Republican party, or because they have powerful interests they wish to serve.

There seems to be a wide difference of opinion about the result of that Rumanian raid into Bulgaria, but there is not the least doubt that the Bulgarians are regular devils at the fighting game, quite equal to the best of the German units.

The Democratic party has an endorsement of suffrage in its state platform, but it has been apparent from the very first that it was put there for campaigning purposes merely. Some of the Democratic newspapers and most of the influential leaders are opposed to suffrage but lack the honesty to come out in the open and say so. They are willing, however, to stoop to contemptible subterfuges to make trouble for the suffrage cause. The latest of these is an attempt to embroil the state suffrage leaders and the Republican state committee in a row over arrangements for the Longworth meeting at the court house in Charleston. The poor bourgeois who run Democratic politics in West Virginia probably never will be able to see it, but the fact is that the women who want suffrage, although they have been at the political game for a very short time, have learned to play it with considerable finesse and they are not going to get into a fight with any of the political organizations at this stage of the campaign, unless we are very much mistaken in the quality of their leadership.

Now comes a Tennessee doctor who declares that the soft drink habit has become an American vice. He declares that the desire for soft drinks is born of a real craving. How horrible—but stay, is not that also the case with the desire for food?

## SHORT AND SNAPPY.

An Italian married a Hungarian girl in New York. Neither is able to speak the language of the other, but both understand the language of love.—Wheeling Register.

Mr. Rockefeller's comparison of St. Paul to himself will have no effect on the reputation of either.—Charleston Mail.

## Through The Political Periscope

Better leave Henry Drury Hatfield alone. Jaw. He's a barcat!

"Mr. Cornwell's health is holding up pretty well" writes one of his partisan pen pushers. But how about his temper?

Today's Puzzle—find one lone Republican in West Virginia's political woods who has so far announced that he will vote for William E. Chilton for re-election to the United States Senate.

The Democratic organization has taken to the habit of having out-of-the-State cartoonists draw caricatures of Judge Robinson for West Virginia Democrats to laugh at. "He laughs best who laughs last," runs the proverb that nobody has ever denied—and foreign artists will not have a chance to vote in West Virginia November 7.

He has baptized himself with his wild and reckless speeches—John Joke Cornwell.

A Monroe County Democrat writes: "Mr. Cornwell has clearly shown that he is more the candidate of Clarence Watson and the corporations grouped about Watson, than he is the candidate of the Democratic party."

Without Illinois and New York's electoral vote, Woodrow has a fat chance of succeeding himself, now hasn't he?

Governor Hatfield promptly answered every charge made and every insinuating question asked by the mad and confused gubernatorial candidate who bears the crest of Boss Watson. But Cornwell hasn't yet replied to the charges and questions put to him by our Governor. He hasn't cheeped about the charge hurled at him by Governor Hatfield that he is traveling on Railroad passes.

The secret of success with Howard Sutherland is his strict attention to his job—Weston Free Press.

Yes, Mr. Sutherland has had neither the time to take from his official duties nor the inclination to use his position to influence persons with money to invest in fake gold mining stock.

A continuance of present high prices is almost certain to increase the number of home gardeners next season.—Wheeling Register.

It will also have a decided tendency to increase the number of Republican votes on November 7th, too.

The President's telegram to Mr. O'Leary, of Chicago, to the effect that he did not want the votes of "disloyal citizens like himself" may be a clue to his mental processes when he deliberately snubbed Col. John T. McGraw by completely ignoring him.

Well, guess what the Governor of West Virginia said to the would-be Governor of Consolidation will hold him for a while.

It is on record, and there is no suspicion abroad that he ever did, that John Cornwell ever "Thanked God for Wilson." But he is mightily willing right now, it is believed, to thank the deity or anybody else who can furnish him an issue to base his subsidized gubernatorial candidacy on.

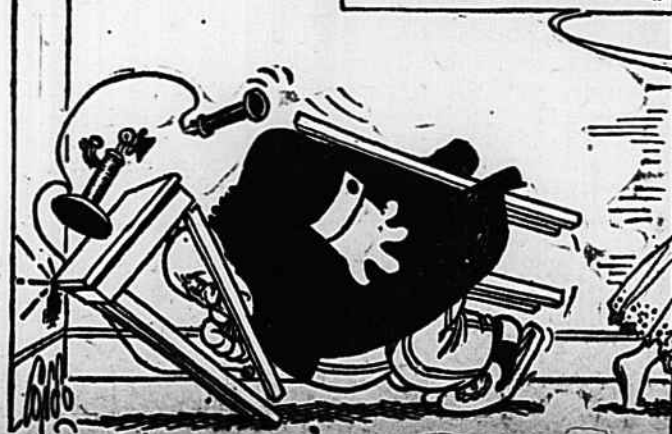
The reputation achieved by Candidate Cornwell with his speeches this year, make the narration of the following anecdote appropriate for use by any chairman of any one of the Cornwell meetings in introducing Boss Watson's noble "non-partisan" candidate: Announcing that a white preacher had consented to occupy his pulpit on the following Sunday the colored brother said in tribute of the pale-face: "Dis noted divine is one of de greatest men of de age. He knows the unknowable, he kin do the undable, an' he kin onserow de enscrutable."

## OUTBURSTS OF EVERETT TRUE (BY CONDO.)

HELLO, CENTRAL, GIVE ME EAST 2311  
\* \* \* HELLO, DOCTOR—WISH YOU'D COME  
TO THE HOUSE—THE WIFE IS ILL.  
NO, I DON'T THINK THERE'S A NEED  
OF ANY PARTICULAR HURRY—



TELL THE DOCTOR  
HE NEEDN'T COME  
AT ALL—I FEEL  
VERY MUCH STRONGER!!



## Editorial Comment on Current Subjects

HAVE YOU AN INTEREST IN THE BUSINESS?

From the Manufacturers Record. A gentleman asked a youngster how he was getting along in his new job, and the young man, who had been employed but for a month, replied that he was getting along all right and that he "had an interest in the business. Somewhat surprised that such rapid advancement had been made, the gentleman, upon further questioning the youngster regarding his promotion, received this answer: "I got that interest the day I went to work. My employer told me he wanted me to take an interest in the business, and I did from the very start."

The above may sound like a vaudeville joke, or an extract from a comic supplement, but the man or boy who takes an interest in his employer's business is made of the right stuff, and if the employer is not broad enough to appreciate these sterling qualities, the employee will not be the chief loser, for by diligent and faithful attention he has been gathering information and acquiring experience that will enable his services to be sought by outside concerns, or probably he will have so mastered the business that he will be able to branch out into business for himself.

There is often heard in the office or shop the complaint that this or that fellow has a "pull" with the "boss." Nine times out of ten it will be found that the secret of the "pull" is a willingness to work and take an interest in the business. You will not find a young man "with an interest" if they "business" watching the clock while waiting for the "ghost to walk," receiving payment for work which it is doubtful whether it has been earned; but he will be among those who are talking about "our concern," "our policies," "what we expect to do," etc.

Would Carnegie, Schwab, Edison or any of the great host of successful business men and men of affairs of today that have risen from the ranks have amounted to anything if they had not taken an interest in the business, or if they had been under the control of high-salaried union labor officials and allowed to work (?) only eight hours a day, becoming merely automatons, instead of being permitted to develop the latent ability possessed by every conscientious worker?

If a job is made important enough to put one's whole life interest into it, it will return the favor nearly every time. Take an interest in the business; by so doing your employer will take an interest in you.

Not Very Flattering. Bobby, aged five, though just two years his sister Lucy's senior, was fatherly toward her, always explaining everything to her that she had the least doubt about. One day we overheard this little lecture on the discrimination between beans and human beings: "Now, baby, a bean is something that's good to eat, but a human bean—why, that's a lady."

Truth Versus Politeness. Mother (to Elsie returned from party)—"Did you bid good night to Marian's mamma and tell her you had a very pleasant time, as I told you?" Elsie—"Not 'actly, mamma. You see Marian took the biggest piece of cake and spilled lemonade on my new dress so I couldn't say what you told me; but I told her mother good-night and said I guessed Marian had had a very pleasant time."—Boston Transcript.

To Amuse a Convalescent Child. Get one of the common toy balloons of bright color. Tie a piece of newspaper to the end of the string, tear off or add to the paper until the balloon is balanced, and give to the child to turn loose in the room. It will perform the most curious antics, constantly changing and going about the room exploring everything, due to the air currents.

## E. C. Jones FAIRMONT, W. VA.

THE WOMAN who knows good style never thinks of what is new.

And no shopping clientele in Fairmont knows the difference between what is new and what is both new and right better than the patron's of Jones.

Which should be reason enough for your coming here—and particularly so when you can be so certain that "you never pay more at Jones."

## The Ready-to-Wear Store Presents Many New and Distinctive Autumn Models

Suits, Coats, Dresses, Skirts, Blouses, Dressing Gowns, Peticosats, Corsets, Children's Clothing and Millinery.

### The First Floor Presents

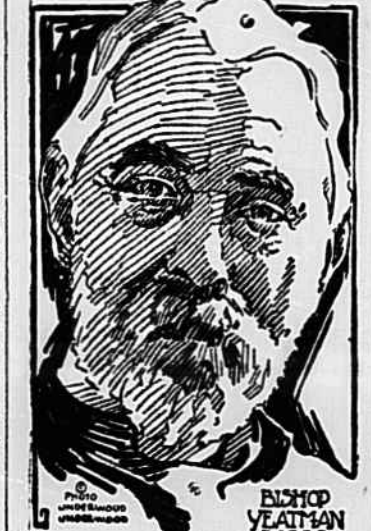
new wool and cotton Blankets, Comforters, Dress Goods, Silks, Fur Trimming, Boys' Clothing, Underwear, Silk Hosiery, Rugs, Curtains, New Draperies and Shoes.

### The Basement Store Presents

new garments and millinery, Domestic, Blankets and Bedding and groceries at new low prices.

## BISHOP'S SON DRIVES "TANK" IN WAR ZONE

"TANK" IN WAR ZONE



Somewhere in the trenches a son of the Right Rev. Bishop of Worcester, Dr. Hayshe Wolcott Yeatman-Briggs, is guiding a "tank" against the Germans. Bishop Yeatman-Briggs is in the United States to attend a convention of the Protestant Episcopal church in St. Louis.

## Cornwell at the Bat

The Watson team was surely up against a rocky game, The Rooters all had been for Hogg and Hogg had been the same; But he and French were on the bench to make a place once more For Cornwell who had lost the game a dozen years before.

The last half of the ninth came round with no change in the score, But when the first man up hit safe the crowd began to roar; Another whack, another crack, and when the dust dispersed, There was Woods just stealing Second and McNeely stealing first.

Two men on base—nobody out—two runs to tie the game, A triple meant the highest niche in Watson's hall of fame; And then the roar swept hill and dale and echoed on the flat, For Cornwell, mighty Cornwell, was advancing to the bat.

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he stood there all alert, Ten thousand watched him stooping as he smeared his hands with dirt; That old familiar haunt caught the people where they sat, And they knew beyond all question it was Cornwell at the bat.

The pitcher heaved a mighty ball, it sped toward the plate, It was labelled "Tainted Money," but the batsman struck too late; Then an awful, awful shadow seemed to somehow hide the sun, As they heard the cruel umpire calmly calling it "Strike One."

And again the leather-covered sphere once more in fury came, It was marked "1911" and referred to deeds of shame; And again the batter missed it and again the ball sped true, And the grim umpire insisted on declaring it "Strike Two."

Then the smile of Cornwell faded, then his teeth were clenched in hate, As a ball inscribed "False Friendship" was the third to cross the plate; Then he braced his feet together, then he swung his warlike club And the air was smashed to fragments mid the frenzied cry of "Dub."

Oh, somewhere in this Mountain State the sun is shining bright, Somewhere the bands are playing, and somewhere hearts are light; And somewhere there are happy homes, and somewhere happy men, For there's no joy in Watson's camp—Cornwell fumbled again.—Chas. P. Guard, in Grafton Sentinel.

Complicated, but Easy. "How do you get your husband to do what he doesn't want to do when you want him to do it?" "That's easy. I make a big fuss over something he has already done which I didn't want him to do, or I remind him of something which I have done which he wanted me to do and I didn't want to do, and soon he is doing what I want him to do just as though he had wanted to do it all along."—Detroit Free Press.

## RUFF STUFF BY RED.

BY RED.

"Politics," according to one who knows, "is an ass." But if he has done one good thing for future historians, it has discovered that guy diogenes was hunting with his glimmer. He is Cornwell.

Wonder if Neely told the people of Worthington that Ben Rosenbloom was working for him in Ohio county!

Ben's a good skate. He's for liker and falls full of husbands and sons.

If Gerard is coming back to settle the war, it will be the war between Democrats and Republicans. He's coming back to help Woodrow.

Now some fool says that soft drinks are a vice. But if everybody has the same idea as to what vice is it would be a ticklish world.

Some big league baseball players are better writers than some professional writers. But the way to look at it is this, what would Joe Tinker say if a newspaper man was put on short stop?

Wonder what the small town Democratic writers would do if the New York World didn't exist?

One thing about the B-B lunch is that the plates are very pretty, if one has a desire for beauty when one eats.

"Today's the Day" seems to be a paragraph of I I I I.

"Ill health results in drowning."—Times. City M. Ds. Please note.

Wonder where the M. V. T. company got those P. A. Y. E. cars which look like the ark ought to look by now?

Regardless of Commodore's instructions to run 8 miles an hour in the city the eight o'clock car from Clarksburg made little less than 30 along Main street last night.

In Uniontown the cops get on the cars. Arrest the motormen for speeding and they are generally fined.

Let a cop dare to touch an employee of the traction company here and said cop appears no longer on the monthly pay roll.

We'd fire him if we had to change the ordinance to do so.

Willie Hearst wired the Times last night that according to a New York paper the war was over.

But we note that all the news about this morning is that "Outlook is bright for Democratic success in state."

Babe Ruth and Cady and Marquand and Meyers.—Babes for today's game!

Muscle. After the war is over, We'll all be out of work.

Same as in 1914 and early months of 1915 until Hopewell sprung up and several ammunition plants and steel mills got busy killing Germans.

"Forsing's men have fun with movies."—Times.

And their going to send the Second regiment to act as movie stars as soon as transportation can be prepared.

## ORRINE SAVED HIM FROM DRINK

That Orrine really does bring quick relief to those being tortured by the liquor habit, is the testimony of many mothers, wives and daughters. This scientific preparation promptly kills all desire for whiskey, beer and other intoxicants. It can be given in the home secretly without the loss of time from work. No salutarium expense. We are so sure that Orrine will benefit that we say to you, after a trial, you fail to get any benefit from it, use your money will be refunded. Costs only \$1.00 a box. Ask us for free booklet telling all about Orrine. Crane's Drug Store, Corner Main and Madison Street.